WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12.

UBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

Entered at the Post-Office at New York at second-class

"TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last

| Lieven Sundays. |           |         |       |
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THE SUNDAY WORLD BA DOUBLE IN CIR. Sunday newspaper in Europe or America. d the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

THEIR CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

A Few Suggestions to Santa Claus from

A Letter from a Little Boy

I wish Santa Claus would send my little ek sister a nice doll, for she has been sick in bed nine months. And I wish Banta Claus would send me a pair of rubber boots. And I have three other brothers that wish a present if Banta Claus can spare one.

WILLIE HARVEY.

He Wants a Printing Press.

Having soen in your paper the Christman king suggestions, I write to say that I h Santa Claus would be kind enough to d me a printing press, as I am very aux-to learn the art of printing. ARTHUR W. ROBINSON. 49 North Portland avenue, Brooklyn.

A Chance for a Paterson Santa Claus.

There are five of us children here, and three of us are sick and papa is not well, and I wish you would tell Santa Claus to call our way and put something in our stocking.

PAULINA B., age twalve,
Jackson street, Paterson, N. J.

A Month's Bent Acceptable.

one Editor of the Rossing World:
I would like for my Christmas stocking a onable gift, and that would be \$9 to pay the rent for the month of January, as my husband is out of work since this month came in. SEVENTE AVENUE.

A Yorkville Appeal.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like Father Santa Claus to put in my stocking at Christmas a nice scrapbook, some candy and a big talking doll. Mammin, Yorkville,

WORLDLINGS.

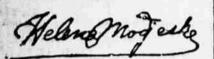
There are forty-two firms in the United States engaged exclusively in the manufacture of chewing-gum. Their trade is increasing, and it is estimated that the value of their produc this year will be not less than \$10,500,000. The football team at Durham, N. C., has had

powerful electric lights suspended over its grounds, and proposes to play the game during the evenings hereafter.

Cardinal Newman, the distinguished English ate, goes to bed at 10 and gets up at 5, Wintar and Summer alike. Despite his age he perrms a large amount of work every day.

Western sportsmen complain that wild duck very scarce, and attributes their the to the use of duck eggs in making s new give that is manufactured in Canada. Their oggs having become valuable, Canadian hunters eir nests and thus materially reduce

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



OH, WISE BALD EAGLE

Mo.Know When He Was Beaten and Go Out of the Speakership Fight.

James Westchester Husted read in THE BG WORLD of yesterday that there was no ible show for him in the Speakership con estand immediately made public announce-sent that he had given up the fight. This action of the Bald Eagle will probably

This action of the Bald Eagle will probably one him the Chairmanship of the Ways and teams Committee, and there are many Repubsians in the State who will rejoice to see the tills Peckskill statesman shelved.

They object to the friendliness he has always inhibited towards Gov. Hill, and say that his aderabip of the opposition to the Executive could be only half-hearted.

Gen. Batcheller, of Baratogs, still remains in he fight against Cole to get the big Committee, and his chances for it are bright.

HIS BOOKS \$15,000 WRONG.

Maker Blauvelt Has His Conf. dential Clerk Arrested.

G. B. A. Bush, confidential clerk for Isaac D anvels, the Paterson carriage manufactures ras arrested to-day on a charge of systemati cally embessiing from his employer for years, his peculations being said to aggregate about

Bush's books have been under clamination to weshs, and it being learned last night that he was about to leave town, he was arrested. Bush is a gentlemanly man of thirty-five years, is married and has a family. sh's books have been under examination for

A Garroter Held for Trial.

John J. Johnson, a moulder, living at 53 Bowery, imbibed freely with a party of men in a at Sixteenth street and Ninth avenue last night, and was taken to an alley at 423 West feventeenth street, where he was garroted and rebbed of \$17.65. The thieves ran away, but one of them. Morris Molonaid, aged nineteen, of \$6 Little Twelfth street, was captured by a policeman. At Jefferson Market Folice Court to-day the prisoner was identified as the man who seized Johnson by the throat. Justice Ford held him in \$1,000 ball for trial.

I have been authoring with cough and cold, by sharp pedies to the cheet, with symp-lic parentonia. Becoming alarmed, for Braun's Expansionable by advice of a than one-harf of a bettle scalled cared than one-harf set a bettle scalled cared

HUMANITY LAUGH.



Mrs. Hoople's Papa-Why, child! what are you Mrs. Hoople—Trying to make home attractive or Tom during the holiday season.

An Outrage.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
"The only weakness of the deceased," said the clergyman, with deep feeling, " was his unfortunate fondness for the demon of in-toxicating drink."

Whereupon six gentlemen from Kentucky got up and stalked indignantly out of church.

The Dark Cloud.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)
"There is always a fly in the pot of ointment," remarked the Snake Editor this morning. Yes," replied the Horse Editor. "What particular villainy is now struggling for release from your brain-pan;" was just thinking that as soon as the yellow fever scourge gives sign of coming to an end Congress resumes its sessions."

No Occasion for Delay. (From the Cartoon.) Clara-George, dear, did you vote for Cleve

George-I did, my love. Clara-Did you risk any money on his ele

tion?
George—No, sweetheart.
Clars—Then, George, my darling, we will not postpone the wedding.

Advantages of Marriage.
[From the Terre Haute Express.]
Jinx-Marriage may be a good thing; but I

think I never would have failed in business if had remained single.

Jenz-A wife does come handy, that's a fact,
when a fellow wants to save his property.

Clearing Up the Difficulty.

[From Judge.]
Eddie—And did Santa Claus really bring that big rocking-horse down the chimney ?

Mamma—I suppose so, Eddie. That's what Eddie (eyeing the stove pipe)—Good gracious, mamma! How it must have grown since it came down!

Easily Explained.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—What makes the price on them potatoes so stiff, boy?

Grocer's Boy—It's because there's so much starch in 'em. mum.

A Rare Bird.

At the New York Yacht Club: "There's the most remarkable man who has been elected into the club this year."
"Indeed! And why ?"
"He owns a yacht."

Must Be Well Posted,

Periodical Dealer—Why don't you subscrib for the daily newspapers, Mr. Leadnut?

Leadnut—Aw—a—maw paw left—aw—a gweat
mawny newspapers whawn he doied, yaw knaw,
awnd—aw—Aw hawvaun't had tawme taw wead
them yet.

Where She Got It. (From the Jewelers' Weekly.)
"What a beautiful liquor flask that is, Mrs

Surplice! Solid gold!"
"Yes, isn't it pretty?"
"Where did you get it?"
"I won it at the raffie in our church fair last week."

What the Stage Folk May Find in Their (From Life.)

Henry Irving—A pair of symmetrical legs.
Maurice Barrymore—A copy of the Marquis
of Queensberry rules.
Augustin Daly—Hand-embroidered text:
"Well done, good and faithful servant!"
The Chorus—The gift of perpetual youth.
Mesers. Booth and Barrett—Some of Irving's ments for stage-mounting.

Mrs. Potter—Ability.

John Gilbert—Another fifty years of health

John Gilbert—Another fifty years of health and strength.

Harry Miner—Recipts in full from the nurses he sent to Florida.

Little Corinne—A nomination to the first vacancy in an old ladies' home.

The Gentlemen in the Box-Office—The final interment of all dead-heads.

E. H. Sothern—A higher bid.

De Wolf Hopper—An honorary catchership in the Giants of 1889.

Ryrle Bellew—A visitor's ticket to the Tuxedo Club-house.

[From Nime. ]



Miss Blethington (looking straight before her) Claudian is so awfully bashful, papa, he thought he'd better write you about me, instead of trying to tellyou his intentions.

Papa—It's all right, dear. A man who spells business bus

Dancing to "The Evening World's" Music. the Rockaway Life-Saving Corps, who carries 150 medals as mementos of his bravery, gave a ball last evaning in Clarendon Hall. The reception was attended by a large and brilliant company, and among the musical selections ably interpreted by Frof. Corr were the Tux Evenyo Voallo's popular waltz-song 'Bring Back My Exiled Boy and Tux Woallo's song schottische 'Where the Rippling Waters Flow. both of which received a hearty encore. Among the pretty women present were Miss Annie Lowrey, Miss Kate Flynn, Miss Mamie Coyle, Miss Ellie Harrington, Miss Maggie Johnston, Miss K. Roach, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Amelie Adams, Miss Mamie Ward, Miss Mand McCormack, Miss Mary Goodwin and others. Among the gentlemen were George Anderson, Mr. William W. Delaney, the composer; Messry. Thomas and M. F. Gilloyle, Ed Surths, Jas. McClintock, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, John Ward, John J. Batty, Jas. F. Little and others. The entertainment was one of the most enjoyable of the 150 medals as mementos of his bravery, gave

FLASHES OF CURRENT HUMOR MR. KID MILLER, BUNCO MAN. SIDE SCENES IN GOTHAM. COMBINATION

Locked Up All Night, but Released This Morning-His Feelings Injured by the Unkindness of the Accusation-Recog-Breath-The Complainant Not on Hand

ARRESTED FOR ROBBERY.

Mr. Kid Miller, when he awoke in a cell in the Thirtieth street station this morning, did not present his usually immaculate appearance. The hard board on which he had spent the night had creased his neat suit, the gloss of his silk hat was somewhat ruffled, and there were mud splashes on his silver-headed cane. He admitted to himself that he felt rocky.

daylight that entered his cell through the barred doors he looked at his hands. Nice, white, soft hands, carefully tended they are, but the Kid shook his head sadly as

he held them up before him and murmured reflectively: How a fellow does pick up dirt in this

— hole."

Mr. Kid Miller knew whereof he spoke, for he had often been there before—many a time. After a minute inspection of his hands he placed his elbows on his knees and buried his head in his hands. He conversed with himself something after this fashion:

"Jailed again. A gentleman has no chance in this town. It they don't put up one job on you they will another. Accusing me of being a common thief. Bab! the idea is disgusting."

on you they will another. Accusing me of being a common thief. Bah! the idea is disgusting."

Mr. Kid Miller removed his plain cloth, satin-lined overcoat. Next he took off his choker collar, black satin tie and linked buttoned cuffs. Then he turned to a water faucet in a corner of the cell, and performed the morning ablutions. He did this carefully and without haste. He dried himself with a fine linen handkerchief.

They do not provide towels, combs or brushes in station-houses. Mr. Kid Miller knew this from past experience, but it did not trouble him. From an inside pocket of his vest he brought forth a small totlet case. He set the looking-glass up near the door, where the light fell on it. Then he combed his soft brown hair very nicely. He brought it down in bangs and curling ring-lets on his forehead, and brushed it all around to the front.

A small phial was next produced. It contained a modicum of bay rum. This he rubbed briskly ou his face. Next he manicured his finger nails.

Then he looked his clothing over. It was dusty and somewhat rumpled. His silk hat, with the broad band of crape to the top, looked a little the worse for wear.

Mr. Kid Miller took his silk handkerchief

looked a little the worse for wear.

Mr. Kid Miller took his silk handkerchief and brushed it smartly on the crown. Hound and round he twirled it until it was as glossy

and round he twirled it until it was as glossy as a patent-leather shine.

"I ought to have a clothes-brush," he cogitated.

He thought for a moment. Then he smiled, the smile enlarged, and he just shook with laughter. He went to the cell door and became very serious looking. Without any appearance of agitation he shouted, loudly, "Help! help!"

Charley, the turnkey, came tumbling upstairs.

Charley, the turnkey, came tumbling upstairs.

"What is the matter?" be gasped.

"I am in a sad predicament. My attire is rather dirty. I want a clothes-brush. Won't you help me? A gentleman could never go to court with dust on his clothes."

"Well. I'll be blanked returned Charley.

"You are a Jim Dandy. No wonder they call you the king of confidence men. Hungry Joe cannot hold a candle to you for cold gall. I'll get you the brush."

"Thanks," said the bunco man with gratitude.

tude.
When the brush came Mr. Kid Miller care

when the broad came Mr. and Miller carefully used it on his trousers, coat, vest and overcoat. This fluished, he leaned non-chalantly against the wall. A few minutes later Tom Hayes, detective, appeared and opened the cell door.

"Come, Kid." "Come, Kid."
"Have you a carriage?" asked the pris

"I would like to go to Del's and break "I would like to go to Der's and Break-fast," he said plaintively.

"You'll go to Jefferson Market Police Court." returned Hayes gruffly, and they did. There Miller was arraigned before Justice Ford. He looked as bonest as an angel. His smooth, boyish face was ruddy with health. His eyes were turned innocently on the mag-

strate.
.. What is the charge this time?" asked His Hayes explained that when Palmer's Theatre was out last night Anthony C. Vail, a merchant of 778 Broadway, got on a Broad-way car in front of the theatre. He was fol-

lowed by a young man, who bumped against Vail apparently by accident.

Then he jumped off the car. A minute later Mr. Vail missed his diamond pin. He jumped off the car and ran round to the West Thirtieth street station-house, and reported his loss. He suspected the young man who fell against him on the car. From the description he gave of him Capt. Reilly suspected Miller. He sent Hayes out. He arrested Miller, the minutes at the Hoffman. rested Muler in ten minutes at the Hoffman

House.
The Kid was indignant and denied the

The Kid was indignant and denied the charge. No pin or jewelry of any kind was found on him Mr. Vail could not say positively that he was the man.

"Let me smell your breath," he said,
The Kid did so.

"I think that is the man, because the man on the car had been eating cachous, and so has this man," he said then.

Therefore the Kid was locked up.
Mr. Vail premised to be in court this morning but was not.

Mr. Vall primised to be in court this morning but was not.

There was no evidence upon which to hold him, and so the Kid was discharged.

Before leaving court an Evenino World reporter said to him:

"Did you really steal the pin?"

"Sir, I am a gentleman. I play cards and other games, and win money from men, but I am no thief. It is a fine day, sir, Goodday," and he walked briskly forth into Sixth avenue.

Thirty minutes later the same reporter met the young bunco man near the Post Office waiting an opportunity to play cards or some other game with some countrymau, which is his favorite way of "winning money."

Santa Claus Will Deck Them. Thousands of Christmas-trees are piled up on the wharf between Chambers and Jay streets. and the supply is being augmented daily by fresh consignments from the Maine pineries. There are apparently enough trees there now to supply the entire State, and scores of wagons supply the entire State, and scores of wagons are kept busy removing them to make room for more. There is a large amount of juvenile happi-ness stored down there at present.

THE HARD-WORKING FUNNY MEN HELP THE GENTLEMANLY CONFIDENCE SHARP HERE AND THERE SKETCHES DRAWN BY

"EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS. Whispered by a Blushing Saleslady to Equally Blushing Reporter.

A blue-eyed, golden-haired young sateslady in a Sixth avenue dry-goods-house told an EVENING WORLD reporter a great deal more about ladies' hosiery during a brief conversation than he ever knew before in all his inno-

tion than he ever knew before in all his innocent young life.

"They are making them very high nowadays," she said, and there was delicate ire mor in her voice, while a soft, red flush mantled her rounded cheeks.

"And are jewelled garters still fashionable?" the reporter timidly inquired, and felt himself blushing furiously meanwhile.

"Oh, yes, but not so much so as they have been. You see some ladies have flesh so tender that the tension of elastic garters abrades the skin and stops the circulation of the blood, so they have been obliged to adopt other means. He sat up, and by the few rays of the gray

One way is by braces, which are fastened to the underwaist, and another way is to have long—oh, ever so long—stockings, ju t like tights, you know, which button to a hand at the waist."

'Are there any new styles in ladies'

Are there any new styles in indies' hosiery?"

"Oh, yes. So many new patterns that you would tire of hearing about them before I had really begun to tell you."

Earnestly the newspaper man assured her that he would never weary of the telling, and so she finally continued:

"Well, the very latest for fashionable wear are beaded stockings. That is, at intervals of about two inches, three bands of beads are sewn on the stockings. The beads hang loose and when the lady who wears them goes out for a walk you can hear the soft click, click of those beads, and the sound is such a musical, mysterious one that it is bound to attract attention to anyone wearing them.

bound to attract attention to anyone wearing them.

"Attention is what most women are looking for nowadays, too," added the bright miss, naively.

The reporter would willingly have heard more about those beaded stockings, but his pretty informant branched off and said:

"The plain white stocking is very popular with old ladies, but young women prefer fancy colors, in pretty designs. Then there are padded stockings"

"What?" gasped the reporter.

"" What ?" gasped the reporter.
"Yes, but I am sorry I spoke about them, because it is against the rules. Excuse me, please. The floor-walker is calling me." And she rashed away, leaving the reporter to his own meditations.

A Noontime Horse-Show of Every Day a the Post-Office.

There is no more contented animal in New York at noontime than the mail-wagon horses that festoon the north end of the Post-Office building.

This is their feed time, and they channe This is their feed time, and they champ away on the juley oat and feel at peace with men and horses, including even their drivers. Their headgear is stripped off, and their long polls have the naked look that a pe.son accustomed to wearing spectacles has when they are taken off.

Some times the oats are dumped in a feed box, and sometimes they are corralled in a nose-bag; but in any case the equine feeder gets there just the same.

The other day two of them were feeding out of the same box, and they got their mouths so full that it took some time to chew them enough to swallow.

While they devoted themselves to the task of mastication they poked their heads around with quite an active interest in surrounding

with quite an active interest in surrounding objects. They would get their beads in each other's way in the most comical fashion. They rubbed their noses around each other's necks and looked at each other as if to see

necks and looked at each other as it to see how the good work was going on.

The driver chanced to come near them, and one of the festive cat-eaters used the shoulder of his coat for a napkin, deliberately rubbing his nose over it and clearing away the vagrant oats that he had not got within the paling of his torders.

cats that he had not got within the paling of his ivories.

One old horse had a nose-bag on which he had worked down to bottom rock. But he wasn't going to let the half handful of oats lying in the bottom escape, so he would give his head a toss in the air and catch the oats on the fly. The old fellow would shut his eyes so as not to catch any there, and then would look humorously out through his powdered eye-lashes, as much as to say:

'Oatch on? There are no flies on me."

And in truth there weren't.

JERSEY CITY NEWS.

Missing Little Jimmy McLean Comes Back to His Mother's Arms.

Six-year-old Jimmy McLean, who left his Union Printers Want President Harrison to home, 143 Ninth street, with his uncle, Frank Lahey, last week, turned up this morning. He knocked at his mother's door alone, and wept hysterically whey she clasped him in her

wept hysterically whey she clasped him in her arms.

The child could give but a meagre account of his wanderings. He was tired and hungry.

He said he had not been out of the city at all, but that his uncle had taken him to the Hill.

Chief Murphy was notified and a search for Lahey will be commenced. The Chief believes that the child escaped from the house to which he was taken and found his way home alone.

Jersey City Jottings.

Police Capt. John S. Smith, of the Fifth Precinct, is dangerously ill with pneumonia, at his home, in Danforth avenue.

Michael Moore, of 27 William street, was held by Justice Wanser this morning for atrocious assault one his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Moore, of Ferris and Van Brunt streets. Moore beat the woman about the head with a broken dish and she lies in a serious condition at the hospital.

Brooklyn News in Brief. Brooklyn News in Brief.

George Hedley, of South Fifth avenue, New York, was this morning sent to jail for ten days for maliciously tearing up the flooring in a cell of the Third Precinct Station while confined there for intoxication.

During an argument in James Lynch's beaners, 21 Atlantic avenue, John King, of 81 Sackett street, received an ugly gash in his right hand.

Lingo Dee Bagno, who a few months ago shot and killed Michael Collins, a Tongshoreman, while they were both at work on a vessel in the Erie Basia, pleaded guilty this morning in the Kings County Court of Sessions to a charge of manslaughter in the first degree. Sentence was deferred.

A Tugboat Sinks at Its Dock. The tugboat H. H. Newkirk sprang a leak at 4 c'clock this morning and sank in the slip at the foot of West Eleventh street, North River, where it had been laid up for the night. No lives were lost. The cause of the sinking is unknown.

## Eyes Ears Nose

become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises n the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; there is constant disagreeable discharge from the nos bad breath, and in many cases loss of the sense of smell.
All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the
disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health and pullds up the whole system. "I feel it my duty to say that I saw Hood's Sarsapa

rilla advertised and took two bettles. I am completely cured of irregularities and constipation of my bowels, catarrh and bronchial affections." H. H. DURGAN, Atlantic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lovell, Mass. 1002DOSES ONE DOLLAR

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Saraaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney trouble. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medi-cine." Mus. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

cine." Mas. 8. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.
"I am happy to say that my wife was cured of a
very had cough and what was called 'quick consumption' by Hood's Barsaparilla. She was restored to perfect health, which ahe has enjoyed ever since. Our little girl was poor and puny; Hood's Sarsaparilla seemed to be just the thing she useded, as she has been well and hearty since taking it." FRANK OTIS, Ber-

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DONES ONE BOLLAR



We are now displaying a handsome line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

Reduced Prices.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

EHRICH BROS.,

STH AVENUE AND 24TH STREET

MUSIC WITHOUT CHARMS.

Some of It "Scab" Music and the Rest is

Not Paid For.

The Miscellaneous Section met last night

with Delegate McClernand, of the Interna-

tional Boatmen's Union, in the chair. An

passed. The change requires that no delegate shall be eligible to sit in the Central body unless he be a member of the trade or

Like Father Like Son.

James Monahan, of Elizabeth, whose son two

years ago drank twelve glasses of whiskey on a

bet and killed himself, was arrested to-day suf-fering from delirium tremens.

Bureau Covers,

Silk Dinner Setts,

Ta Co Cloths and Napkins.

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway and Twentieth Street.

CURE YOUR

Dyspepsia article that acts directly upon the digestive

leptonix:

(DIGESTIVE TABLETS)

are not recommended for every ill that flesh is heir to. For gastric troubles, and for those alone, do we recommend them. For dyspepsia and indigestion they are unequalled by any remedy in the world.

Hon. Citas. J. Norus. Speaker of Mass. House of Representatives, says: "I have experienced such de-lightful relief by their use from the dyspepsia which has long afflicted me, that I write to commend them to any with a tike trouble."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Mailed prepaid, on receipt of price,

75 cents per box.

THE ALLSTON CO., 67 High Street, Boston

Chair Cushions

Table Covers

Lunch Setts

For the

Linen Dinner Setts,

Embroidered Towels.

Fancy Towels,

HE LOOKS LIKE THIS?

Lew Dockstader Singing Resenfeld's New Topical Song.

The pleasingly expressive countenance as the nattily glove-like garments in the picture below belong to Mr. Lewis Dockstader. It is thus that he appears each night in his little affirmative vote for two amendments to the theatre on Broadway to sing " If I Were a consitution of the Central Labor Union was

body unless he be a member of the trade or occupation he represents.

The Jewish Chorus Union and the Mendelssohn Club of Hebrew Actors reported that the manager of Poole's Theatre refused to pay back salaries. A sommittee was appointed to inquire into the complaint and after seeing Mr. Hangen, reported that he owed the Mendelssohn Club \$700 and the choristers \$104. Action was postponed. Mr. Hangen is said to have shown receipts for the amount alleged to be due.

Secretary Bohm was instructed to notify the Metal.Workers' Section that Eccentric Engineers No. 1 is about to give a ball in Tammany Hall and has engaged non-union musicians.

Holidays. Eider Down Ouilts. Sofa Pillows "IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE." Fancy Tidies.

THE EVENING WORLD, and that is certainly jumping into topical success.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld's latest effort is "catchy" and very persuasive. It "goes" with the audience without any inducements. The topics are lively and appropriate, and every local allusion is uproariously received by the audience without any inducements.

Millionaire," the song that owes its origin to

every local allusion is uproariously received by the audience.

Dockstader spends a great deal of his time in posting himself upon current events, and nothing of any interest that he can possibly utilize escapes his attention. Mr. Rosen-teld's song. "If I Were a Millionaire," really seems to deal with every topic that has at-tracted attention within the last few months. The topical song is still vital.

THE PUBLIC-PRINTING PLUM.

Union printers are busy discussing the anpointment of the next Public Printer and are noving strongly to secure the position for one of their number. August Donath, of the Washwith the appointment. It is said that he was in with the appointment. It is said that he was instrumental in getting John C. New to turn the "rats" out of the Indianapolis Journal office and put in union men. He is indorsed by the Central Labor Union.

Another union printer, Lewis Payne, foremen of the Press composing room, is indorsed for the position of Public Printer by Brooklyn Typographical Union No. 98.

STRENGTHENING HIS ALIBI.

Jockey Stone's Trial Causes a Crowd in

Brooklyn Court-Room. The strong defense offered by Lawyer Patter on in the trial of Joseph Stone for the murder of Henry Miller at Coney Island had the effect of crowding the court-room of the Kings County Court of Sessions this morning to its full ca-

Court of Sessions this morning to its full capacity.

The morning proceedings were opened by calling Moses Merritt, who was with Stone when the shooting is said to have occurred. His evidence was entirely corroborative of Stone's.

Mrs. Hannah Num. of Sheepshead Bay, swore that on the night of the murder, June 21, Stone was at her house from 11.30 to 11.40 p.m. It was about this time that the accused is said to have been at Stanzig's saloon. She was positive thas it was Stone and Merritt who were there.

Foster L. Backus, the well-known Brooklyn lawyer, testified that he well-known Brooklyn lawyer, testified that he well-known of Stanzig's Hotel with Counsellor Patterson, Monday night.

"I stood at the window," said he. "and looked in at Mr. Patterson as he stood at the end of the bar, but had I not known him intimately, I could not have recognized him."

He had no idea at the time that he would be called as a witness.

Among the Workers. The Food-Producers and the Metal-Workers' Sections will meet to-night.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, advocates the formation of eighthour clubs to agitate for the enforcement of the
short workday Jan. 1, 1890.

A public meeting of carpenters is called for
this evening at 510 Sixth avenue by the Progressive Carpenters, a K. of L. organization.
The relation of wages to supply and demand and
overproduction and speculation in labor will be
discussed.

discussed.

Delegate Jones, of Progressive Painters No.

1, having been suspended because of unfounded charges against him regarding his course in the late campaign, has been reinstated, and his friends propose to re-elect him at the meeting next Monday night. next Monday hight.

About one hundred sewing women who work for starvation wages met at the rooms of the Workingwomen's Society last evening and heard some facts about organization. A sub-committee reported that sewing was done in city institutions at figures ridiculously low, and poor sewing women outside of them cannot compete.

Moyer Sanitarium Hospital Burned. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 12.—The Moyer Sa

tarium Hospital was totally destroyed by fire this morning. All of the patients were saved. Loss \$6,000. A BAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds. ADAMSON'S

GRAND ST., NEW YORK.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Literally Everything Suit-

able for presents for all ages, rich or poor. MOUNTAINS OF WOODEN TOYS,

MINES OF TIN AND IRON TOYS.

PYRAMIDS OF DRUMS. SLEDS, SLEIGHS, BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, WAG-ONS, CARTS, SKIN ANIMALS, PRINTING PRESSIES.

MAGIC LANTERNS, TOOL CHESTS, BAGATELLE AND BILLIARD TABLES AND A THOUSAND AND ONE

DIFFERENT TOYS, &c., WITHOUT DOUBT THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT.

BY THE THOUSAND AND TENS OF THOU-SANDS, FROM 5c. TO \$50, WITH DOLLS' FUR-NISHINGS IN LARGE ASSORTMENT. BOOKS.

INGS, GIFT BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIBLES, PRAYER. BOOKS, HYMNALS, &c HANDSOME FANS,

OPERA GLASSES,

GOLD AND DIAMOND JEWELRY. LINEN AND SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, FOR LA-DIES AND GENTLEMEN, PUT UP IN HANDSOME FANCY BOXES.

MEN'S SILK MUFFLERS, FANCY NECKWEAR, SUSPENDERS, HOSIERY, SMOKING JACKETS, GOWNS, SLIPPERS, GLOVES, IN KID AND SEAL-SILK TURCOMAN PORTIERES, PLUSH AND JUTE LAMBREQUINS, LACE CURTAINS, LACE BED SETS, VELOUR TABLE COVERS.

SILK UMBRELLAS

MANY STYLES OF HANDLES IN GOLD, SILVER SRALSKIN NEWMARKETS, RAGLANS, JACK-ETS, COATS AND SACQUES. MEN'S SEALSKIN CAPS, GLOVES AND COL-LARS.

AND WALKING CANES.

LARS,
LADIES' FUR BOAS, MUFFS, WRISTLETS AND
EAR MUFFS,
MISSES' COMBINATION FUR SETS. CHINA

AND TABLE WARE

BREAKFAST, DINNER AND THA BETS, TETE-A-POTTERY AND BISQUE WARE IN BUSTS GROUPS AND FIGURES.
BRONZES, FIGURES AND CLOCKS.

FINE ASSORTMENT

IN PLUSH, RIDERDOWN, CLOTH AND CASH-MERE—ALL NEW SHADES, INFANTS' LONG EMBROIDERED CLOAKS, BOBES, DRESSES, &c. LARGE ASSORTMENT PILLOW SHAMS, FANOT RECEPTION APRONS, NURSES' APRONS, &c.

FINE FURNITURE

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ORIENTAL RUGS IN GREAT QUANTITIES.

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FOR WEAR, AMUSEMENT OF ORNAMENTATION FOR WIFE, HUSBAND OR CHILD, AND IT WILL BE FOUND IN OUR 85 DEPARTMENTS.

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POWDER.

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